

A SAVAGE SLASH

Fighting an infuriated Bear with a Pocket Knife
BY A. R. PHILLIPS

Grandfather Gower lived about thirty-five miles from our home, and his visits which occurred but seldom, were looked upon as among the happiest events that occurred in my boyhood's days.

The last visit that he made at our house was a memorable one to me, because of the entertaining stories he told of his life and adventures in the great forest where he built his home. I was 8 years old at the time. It was late in the afternoon of a chilly, rainy day in November that mother looked out of the window intently for some time at some one in the distance coming down the road. At last she said with much animation: "I do believe that is father's old white horse coming yonder."

I was almost beside myself with joy and my boyish welcome was demonstrative almost to the point of rudeness. That evening I cuddled down in grandfather's lap and begged hard for a story. "I always like to hear you tell of the big woods and the wild animals," I added eagerly.

THE STORY.

"When your grandmother and I moved into the forest," grandfather began, "I took the contract with a cooper who lived at the little town of Chagrin Falls, of furnishing a number of thousand shooks. It was a hard job. Here grandfather stopped an instant. I suppose to await the question that came from my lips: "What are shooks, grandfather?"



I DID THE ONLY THING POSSIBLE.

season out during the hot weather, and deliver in the fall. I had plenty of good oak timber to make them of and the work was done at the proper time agreed upon.

MARCO'S SUSPICIONS.

"Near the place where I got out most of the shooks, I had noticed an enormous old forest basswood tree, was a very giant among the trees around it. It was hollow at the base, as nearly all large basswoods are, and I also had noticed a large opening in the side of the hollow, and thought it was a den of some animal. My old hunting dog, Marco, always went with me to my work in the woods unless told to stay at the cabin with grandfather, and he had thought me out of the hollow and then look intently up the tree. I paid but little attention to him, but kept busy at my work and thought no more about the matter until the fall when I went to get my first load of shooks and deliver them at the little village which was fifteen miles away.

"On the morning that I was to haul this first load I was up and away a long time before sunrise. I could just see to pick my way through the forest. There had been a heavy storm, accompanied by a terrific wind blow a few days before and many large trees were down. When I came near where the piles of shooks were I found that the large old basswood tree was blown down across my roadway. It had not quite fallen to the earth, but was caught and held by a tangled mass of torn trees and broken limbs that it had crashed into in the top that I had no way to get up a few feet from the earth so that a person could walk underneath it, but I could not drive my team of oxen and heavy wagon under it. I stopped the oxen in front and began looking about to find a good pathway around it.

DOG AND CUB.

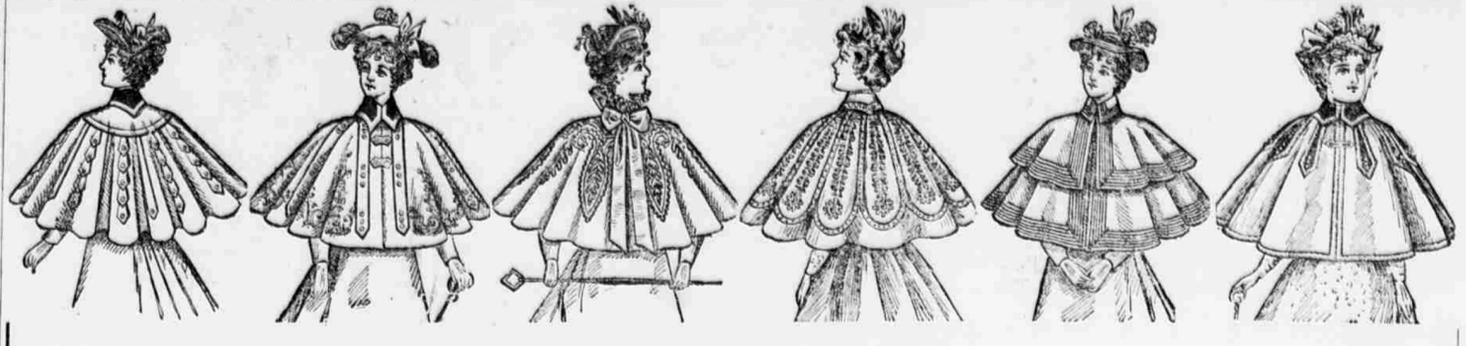
"While I was searching for one, Marco went into the tangled mass of broken limbs near the top and was soon barking savagely at the large hole in the top that I had no way to get up. I left the oxen standing quietly while I went to see what Marco had found. As soon as I came near him he plunged into the hole and instantly engaged in a terrific battle with something. I could not tell what the barking, growling, snarling and yelping of both old Marco and the animal he was fighting, was for. I peered into the hole and shouted 'see 'im, Marco, see 'im; take hold of him,' and various words to encourage him in the fight. He backed near enough the opening I reached in and seized him by the hind legs and began pulling. In my excitement I shouted: 'Seize 'im, Marco, and pulled away as hard as I have 'im out,' and pulled away as hard as I

could. In this way, with his barking and my pulling, he came out of the opening, bringing his game with him, and fell among the tangled mass of brush and limbs locked in deadly embrace with a half-grown cub bear.

WHEN HER HEAD WAS NEAR ENOUGH.

"The cub was large enough to be a formidable foe for any dog, and had torn and lacerated bear old Marco's sides fearfully. He had a death grip on the cub's throat, and was getting the best of him in the fight. I ran quickly to the wagon and fetched my axe, intending to kill the cub and so help the brave dog in the fight. I had just got back to the wagon with the axe, when I was struck in a heavy blow on the cub without hitting the dog, when I heard the oxen give a snort and frightened bellow. I looked up just in time to see them turn squarely around, overturn the wagon, break loose from it and in the wildest terror run toward home. I was not long in discovering what had frightened them, for, crashing through the underbrush, up from a nearby ravine, came the infuriated mother bear—the most savage and dangerous of beasts to encounter when fighting to protect her young.

"She came in mad, bounding leaps, with mouth open and eyes glaring in beastly rage, straight for the scene of conflict. I was almost paralyzed with fear at this sudden and dangerous turn of affairs. I did the only thing possible. Throwing my axe at her as she came toward us, I turned



Price Wonders—in Capes, Suits, Etc.

Weinberg & Co's finest goods go on sale Monday morning—at the most daring prices ever named—The new turn affairs received from the refusal of the Young Men's Christian Association to allow us to occupy the building after May 20th, urges us to do our utmost to close out the stock rapidly—It is unfortunate for us that such is the case—but what can we do—we've got to get out—and we've got a stock of cloaks on our hands that's no earthly use to us—Just one thing to do—make such prices that you can't help but buy—if we get our money out—we're satisfied—Read prices.

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All of Weinberg's elegant Duck Suits with reefer jackets—made and trimmed up in the latest style—all the new shades—five yard skirts—Weinberg's price up to \$4—our..... **1.25**

Weinberg's heavy Marseilles Suits with reefer jackets—Etons or blazers—Five yard skirts—Very newest designs—Weinberg's regular \$6 goods..... **1.98**

Weinberg's white suits in pique and basket cloth—five yard skirts—Eton, reefer or blazer jackets—Weinberg got \$8—We ask but..... **2.98**



216.

Wonder in a Cape—Weinberg's \$7.50 to \$12.50 Double and Single Cloth Capes—also a handsome line of Corded Silk Capes, full lined with broad silk, finished with silk ruffle around bottom, full finishing at neck, ruffle and neck finishing cord with lace—closing out at..... **\$3.95**

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For all the 50c and 75c Laundered Waists New goods. Choice colors. One to a customer. **29c**

All Weinberg's King, Stanley, and Star Waists that sold up to \$2.50 each go for 68c—lots of them. **68c**

For all the laundered and Silk Waists that Weinberg sold for up to \$4.00—beautiful line of colors. **98c**

For all of Weinberg's fine Ladies' Wrappers in fast-color Merino and Silson print—always \$1.00 before. **39c**

Price Wonders in Tailor Made Dresses

Weinberg's Challie Wrappers—made of fine wool challie that cost 75c a yard—Weinberg's \$12 to \$18 wrappers—with large figures—latest designs—our price to close..... **5.00**

Weinberg's large figured Organdie Dresses—in Dresden effects, elegantly trimmed with ribbons and lace—The best dress in Omaha—\$12 to \$17.50 Weinberg's prices ranged—ours..... **6.25**

Weinberg's Dotted Swiss Dresses in reds and pinks—6 yard skirt—double ruffle on bottom—trimmed handsomely with lace and ribbons—Weinberg's \$12 to \$18 goods for..... **7.50**



1513

THE STATE CLOTHING CO.

Closing Weinberg's Stock Out

In the Y. M. C. A. Building Quick

STATE STATUTES OF 1896

Praiseworthy and Pernicious Laws Enacted by Legislatures.

OHIO LEADS WITH "THOU SHALT NOTS"

Treating Made a Misdemeanor and High Hats in Theaters a Punishable Offense—Laws Against Lynching, Gambling and Cigarettes.

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Comparatively few state legislatures have been in session since January 1, 1896, but enough has been done by those few to keep the country aware of their existence. The New York lawmakers, for example, have decreed that the liquor interests shall henceforth pay a tax so heavy, as compared with the moderate exactions of the old license system, that many of the smaller dealers will probably be driven out of the business. The Iowa legislature has forbidden the manufacture and sale of cigarettes. In Ohio it has been formally resolved by the state's solons in solemn convocation at Columbus that the custom of treating to intoxicating beverages is pernicious, and that it must be done away with; not even the legislators themselves shall be exempt from this sweeping prohibition. A mass can neither treat nor be treated without incurring the reproach of the law. Nor can a woman, in Ohio, wear a high hat at the dinner hereafter. Woman has been reasoned with on this point year after year, but moral suasion has not worked reform in Ohio. Now we are to see what jailing and fining will do.

AGAINST LYNCHING.

Another class of laws, of a less sensational, but more important character, attempts to deal with certain barbarous tendencies that have had free play in too many American communities. A good deal has been said about the frightful prevalence of lynching in the south, and in one or two northern states, but up to the present year we do not remember any serious effort on the part of a state legislature to do away this disgrace to our civilization. During the past few months there have been several such efforts, but both difficulties would be removed by giving the election of expositors

to the people, and leaving the legislature free to attend to state business.

HOW LEGISLATION CAN REACH THE INDIVIDUAL.

State legislation affects the interests of the citizen directly and conspicuously, as the action of congress seldom does. A few business in New York City. The passage of the Raines' bill was virtually a notice to 1,500 of these men to abandon the traffic, since the tax of \$900 is prohibitory in their cases. Moreover, to the remaining 7,500 dealers, the new law desires certain restrictions and certain prohibitions such as have heretofore been unknown in New York. It forbids the free lunch custom. It lays down rigid exactions as to the hours of sale, and it subjects the saloon keeper and his property to inspection and surveillance not to be avoided. In Iowa, again, the business of all persons engaged in the making and handling of cigarettes, from the large manufacturer and wholesaler down to the humblest retailer at the country cross roads, has been utterly destroyed. Two months ago it was a legitimate business, receiving both the sanction and the protection of the state. Today it is a forbidden traffic, and those who engage in it must do so clandestinely and at the peril of the law's inflictions. The action of the legislature may or may not have been justified as an exercise of police power. Many of Iowa's citizens, we are aware, support the law and demand its enforcement. But many more, as one instance among many that have recently come to our notice, of extraordinary interference with the rights of individuals. The legislatures of the free states are not to be entrusted with freedom or to sacrifice personal interests for what is held to be the greatest good to the greatest number.

W. B. SHAW.

GOSSIP ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

John H. Parnell, who settled in the southern states and became a leading agriculturist there, while his brother, Charles Stewart Parnell, became the leading agitator in Ireland, has now started out in a new field. He sailed for England on Saturday, on a business mission. He will try to establish productive industries in Ireland, with the double purpose of placing that distracted country on its financial feet and checking the rush of Irish immigration to the United States. It is said he will endeavor to build up manufacturing industries of various kinds, to promote the fisheries, encourage agriculture and introduce improved breeds of cattle. He has the support of moneyed men in this country.

The burning of his beautiful home at Sunnyside, Me., was a great blow to Senator Hale. Fortunately his library was saved by giving the election of expositors

It is known as the best private collection of books in the state of Maine. It represents the collection of thirty years, and is the especial pride of Mr. Hale. The house was thought by many to be the handsomest in the state. It was on the Union river, about fifteen miles from Bar Harbor, occupying a slightly spot, from which a splendid view was obtainable. The house was of frame, and was peculiar in that it was absolutely satisfactory to its occupant, who congratulated himself that he had escaped the general experience of men who build houses and find something in them afterward not quite to their liking.

Isaac Johnson, the venerable member of the office of the architect of the United States capitol, died in Washington recently from heart failure, incident to old age. He was one of the oldest residents, having been born a slave in the District of Columbia upward of eighty years ago. He was the property of Commodore Rogers of the United States navy, the father-in-law of General M. C. Meigs, and was in the office appointed by General Meigs to the duties which he performed until his death. He was of rather a striking presence, with his straight silvery hair and beard, and modest dignity of manner. He knew almost every man of national prominence in the last forty years, and his reminiscences of many of them were interesting.

Heinrich von Treitschke, the famous German historian, whose death was reported a few days ago, was one of the most popular and influential teachers in the University of Berlin. He was a scion of one of the proudest Prussian families, and was the father of the "Junker," which always appealed to Bismarck. Von Treitschke years ago lost his sense of hearing. This fact made it exceedingly difficult to understand him, as he could not hear the words he uttered, and ran syllables and letters together in a most bewildering way. Students were obliged to listen to him for several days, in some cases a week, before they could take intelligent notes. But when this point had been reached they listened to German more beautifully and more eloquently than that of any other Teuton of modern times, save, perhaps, Curtius. Fully 2,000 students heard the professor regularly, and on the days when he gave public lectures ministers of state and princes were glad to be among the great throngs that crowded the auditorium, stood in the aisles and windows, or sat on the edge of the platform in front of his desk.

Mrs. Anna B. Whitman of Marlboro, Mass., died last week, almost 94 years old, was present at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument.